



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Trish In Satin

Pamela Coping



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

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AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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# Trish In Satin

## *And The Two-Way Mirror*

**By Pamela Coping**

*“Oh, please, please. Ooooh no, nooooooooooooo!” My whimpered imploring died to a gasped intake of breath as he drew his free hand over my leaking, satin-layered cock, quickly using the slippery fabric of the black, voluminous nightdress to slide against the roomy, matching black satin panties, rubbing away the last vestige of my already failing willpower as he, laying behind me between the satin sheets, started to push, the final stage of his clever seduction nearly complete, nearly there, oh yes, just there, hmmmmmm.*

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There was nothing about the end of terraced house that looked out of the ordinary.

Nothing to hint at what was going to happen to me. The only inkling, had I been on the lookout for omens, might have been the way the satin of my hidden chemise was slipping against my smooth satin directoire knickers as I approached the large two up/two down at the end of the quiet cul-de-sac, stirring my sensitive cock inside the enveloping pantaloons as I slowed my pace to make the gorgeous sensation last.

It registered in my subconscious that the property adjoining was empty; no for sale or to let signs, just empty. I noticed, in a flash of unusual clarity for me, that the net curtains were a grimy grey, showing just how long the place had stood vacant.

I stopped a short distance from the end house, giving myself time to calm down, the satins really working overtime and my enjoying it far too much. Any more and I would grow to the point of being stiff. I could just imagine trying to rent a room with a straining erection. The man I had rung about the room had sounded really nice but nice or not,

meeting him with a satin induced hard-on would probably get me marching orders rather than a room to rent.

Taking deep breaths, I took in the other houses on the quaint little road. The whole street seemed to be stuck in a time bubble from 30 or 40 years ago.

Elderly ladies and gentlemen were braving the wind that was just this side of chilly, making the most of the late autumn sunshine, gossiping over the small fences of neatly kept gardens.

I realised that most of these houses must be inhabited by the retired, which would account for the old-fashioned feel of the street. Well, at least it would mean I would have a bit of peace, no raucous parties. But I would have to be careful in my room when I dressed up in my satin things that I didn't stray too close to an un-curtained window. Without being unkind, the elderly tend to suffer from an inherent curiosity; the result of too much time on their hands, I suppose.

Feeling a little less obvious now, even though the satins were still trying to have it otherwise, I turned back to the business of finding myself a room.

The entrance door to the house was actually at the side of the almost mansion-sized property, giving me a sense of isolation from the rest of the street. As I walked along the tall hedge-lined path, I had the distinct impression of the world receding, everything becoming quieter, sort of muted; it was a feeling of intimacy. I stepped into the large pillared entrance porch, rapping twice with the heavy knocker. The door opened after hardly a pause, almost as if the person behind the door had been waiting for the knock. The door swung open and I stood rooted to the spot, held immobile by the smile of the man standing in front of me. "Jeremy?"

His smiling enquiry snapped me out of my stare and I apologised quickly. "I am so sorry. Yes, hello. Pleased to meet you, Mr. Harker." I thrust out my hand trying to retrieve a little composure.

"Please, call me Graham," he insisted as he took my hand in a gentle greeting. The feel of my hand in his, I registered with some consternation, was making me warm inside. "Do come in." Mr. Harker's – Graham's - invitation sounded almost as excited as I felt. "So, you saw my advert in the newsagents then?" He appeared to be as nervous as I was.

"Er, yes. Yes. I am really quite pleased to find you- I mean find a room- the room." I was sinking rapidly here.

"Well, why don't I show you around the place and we can chat at the same time, get to know each other."

As I stepped over the threshold, he placed his hand on my back as if to encourage me to come in and I felt the barest movement of my shirt slipping over my satin nightie under his touch. For the briefest of moments, time seemed to stand still as I stood in terror at what had just happened. Graham looked straight into my eyes before quickly looking away again and he started to talk in slightly rushed sentences.

"I- I hope you'll- I mean, I'm sure you'll feel comfortable here. I can tell we will get on. I have a sense for these things, you know. I live alone, well, hopefully now that's *used* to live alone, ha ha, so there will be no one to disturb us- I mean no one to disturb you. I like to

draw the curtains early, in the evening I mean; I like to have my little world to myself in here with no prying eyes. I like to be private in what I do at home, don't you?"

I felt as though he was asking me something more, but I was too scared by the possibility that he had understood what it was that he had felt under my shirt to work out what it might be.

"I mean," he continued, "I don't want people looking in at night. I could be doing anything!" He smiled the smile that he used on me at the door and I felt the warm glow spreading again at its onslaught, finding myself smiling at his joke in return.

With a shock I realised I was stirring inside my satin again, the two layers allowing my gently swelling cock to move easily inside its slippery, silky sheath.

"Here, let's start with your room."

He pointed towards the top of the stairs. My gaze followed and I again felt his hand on the small of my back and the tiniest of frictionless slips as the cotton of my shirt slid over the silky glossiness of the nightie underneath.

I moved with a start, cursing myself for my inattention; but if I hadn't known better, I would have sworn he deliberately made me look away.

A distant memory of my father's few, offhand observations popped into my subconscious. He died when I was seven - "Never were the sharpest tool in the shed, eh Jem?" was the jibe.

He broke the train of this odd thought by asking, "Do you prefer to shower or to take a bath? I personally love to soak in a nice hot bath. There is always plenty of hot water, so please feel free to make the most of it."

He chatted as we mounted the stairs. "Now, your room would be just across from mine over there."

As I looked to where his finger indicated an open doorway, he again placed his hand as if to guide me around the banisters as we reached the landing and yet again, I felt my shirt slip easily over my nightie. Oh Christ! If he places his hand higher, he'll feel the straps of the silky chemise. I actually began to shake with nerves. He lifted his hand away as we walked towards the bedroom. This time he led the way into the room rather than guiding me with his hand.

I could feel myself inwardly sighing with relief, at the same time feeling a little disappointed at not having him touch me again.

The moment the thought hit me, I was aware of my coiling cock slipping inside my sleek lingerie again.

Oh Jesus, what was going on? What was happening here? I think about him touching me and my cock gets randy. For God's sake, get a grip. Get a grip! It has to be coincidence; the satins must just have slipped at that moment, that's all.

I stood facing Graham so that any bulging would be less obvious and tried to concentrate on his chatting.

"Well, what do you think, eh? With the large mirror over there" - he indicated a fabulous floor to ceiling mirror that took up over half the width of the wall - "there's lots of

natural light bouncing around during the day and, at night, as this window faces the garden, away from the other houses nearby, it's completely private from the rest of the street and. In fact, because of the trees, no one can pry into your room from the outside at all. So, you can get up to what ever you like and no one outside will be any the wiser."

His wink only added to my excited state. I am cursed with a vivid imagination at the best of times, but thinking about whether or not he had felt my satin under my shirt and his suggestion that I could do whatever I wanted in here, especially standing in front of a huge mirror, was kicking my feverish imaginings to silly levels; my already misbehaving cock now starting to get out of hand.

In desperation I asked, "I'm sorry to have to ask, but may I please use your bathroom?"

My request seemed to galvanise him into action and he strode across the room.

"Why, yes. Of course you can." Before I could move out of his way, he had both his hands on my waist to turn me about and propel me back through the door. As we stood outside what was now taken to be my bedroom, he swivelled me to face a door along the landing. I paled inside as, once again, his hands slid about my middle over the relentlessly silky chemise.

"There we are." I dashed across to find sanctuary behind the bathroom's door, locking it shut with the small brass bolt.

I sat on the edge of the large cast iron bath and tried to gather myself. What am I doing, for God's sake? I looked down at my bulging trousers.

I realised I couldn't be too long in here or it would look pretty bloody strange.

I quickly unbuckled my belt, flicked open the button and unzipped the trousers. They fell to the floor, leaving the chemise being tented by the straining long-legged satin directoire knickers.

Lifting the chemise over the knickers, I was alarmed at how quickly my cock had become so excited. Just the merest slip of the chemises satin over the satin of the old-fashioned panties set it twitching.

Frantic now, I tried to work out my options. Cumming was out of the question; it would take far too long for my rampant cock to subside. Then it struck me: cold water.

Flushing the lavatory to give the impression that some legitimate activity was going on, I hopped to the basin and started the cold tap. It was a bit of a struggle as the basin was set fairly high and I am not the tallest of people. But after a few seconds of splashing myself with the freezing flow of water, the worst of the erection dissipated.

Drying myself quickly, I was relieved to see that even slipping my cock inside my knickers and smoothing down the chemise over the top of them failed to elicit any reaction as the cold water had done a good job of numbing it.

Taking one last second to compose myself, I unlocked the door.

Graham was waiting patiently for me outside my new bedroom door.

"All better?" he enquired.